



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

FROM  
**BRIGHTON  
MEADOWS**



BY  
WILLIAM ALLEN KNIGHT

y9/  
k7/p

y91  
K71 f

HIERONYMUS



ANDOVER-HARVARD  
THEOLOGICAL LIBRARY

**FROM BRIGHTON MEADOWS**



# FROM BRIGHTON MEADOWS

BY  
WILLIAM ALLEN KNIGHT

---

*"The doors are all wide open; at the gate  
The blossomed lilacs counterfeit a blaze  
And seem to warm the air; a dreamy haze  
Hangs o'er the Brighton meadows like a fate,  
And on their margin, with sea-tides elate,  
The flooded Charles, as in the happier days,  
Writes the last letter of his name, and stays  
His restless steps, as if compelled to wait."*

—Longfellow

THE PILGRIM PRESS  
BOSTON NEW YORK CHICAGO

**COPYRIGHT 1916**  
**By WILLIAM ALLEN KNIGHT**

---

**Printed October, 1916**

**THE PILGRIM PRESS**  
**Boston**

Y91  
K71 f

### NOTE

The lines quoted on the title page are still appealingly true in descriptive details. Longfellow's Cambridge home, parted from the river only by the plot of ground kept open in his memory, still looks across the Charles on "the Brighton meadows" — across the Charles of which he sang,

*"River! that in silence windest  
Through the meadows, bright and free,  
Till at length thy rest thou findest  
In the bosom of the sea."*

And plainly enough, the Charles still "writes the last letter of his name" on the Brighton shore.

But now the old bridge "with wooden piers" is supplanted by the arched symmetry of the Anderson Memorial; Harvard's Soldiers Field and Stadium fill the foreground over the river; Boulevard and Speedway stretch down the curving shore, across from Mount Auburn where the poet's body is entombed. In the background, now, are the homes of some forty thousand Boston people.

Fourteen years of pastoral life amid these homes have brought forth, among other things, various bits of writing in verse — chance-blown in the sunshine and rain of common days, and without the elegance of special cultivation, like meadow flowers. Of these a little nosegay is gathered in this book, for friends only.

W. A. K.

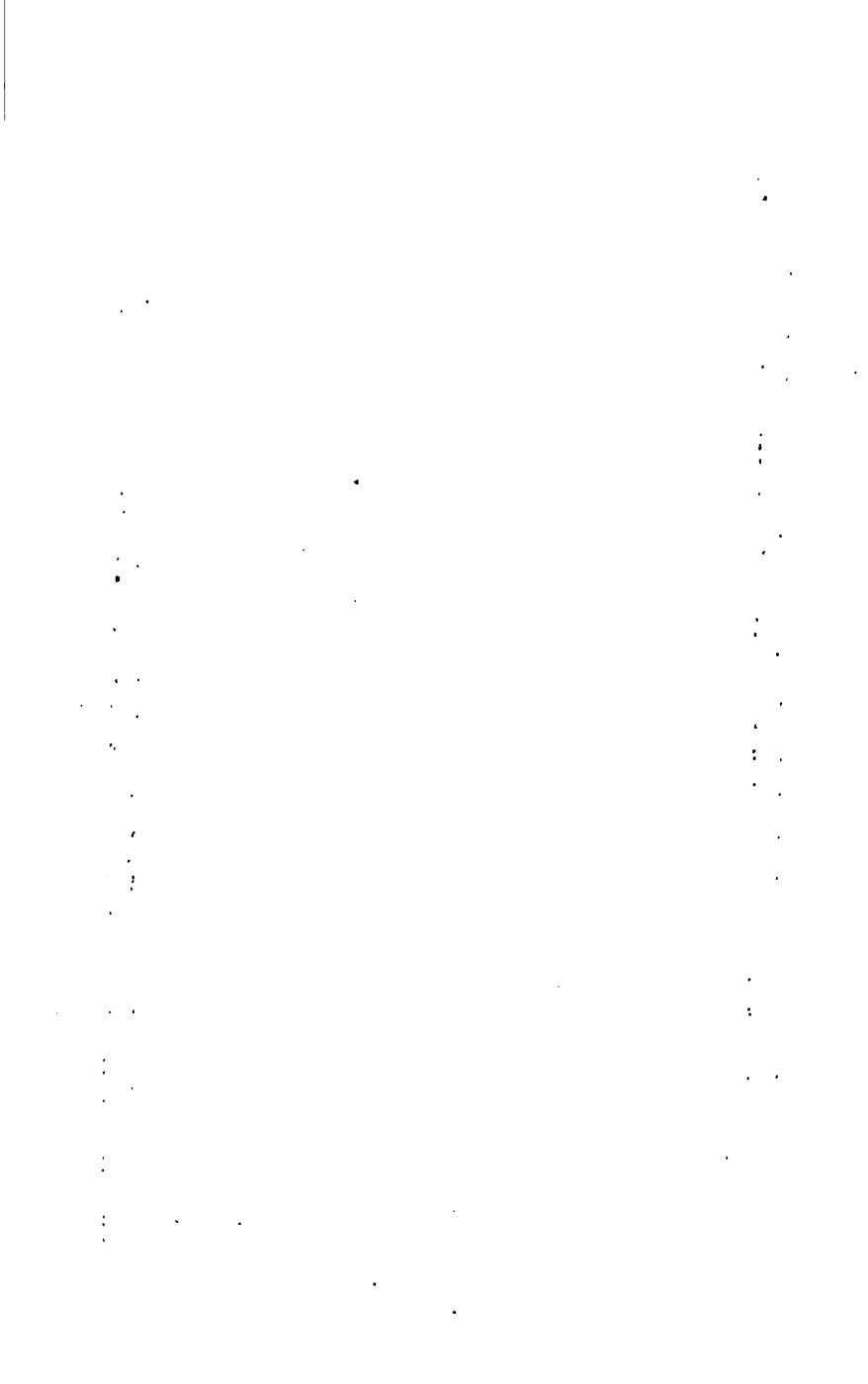
Brighton Parsonage  
Autumn, 1916





## **CONTENTS**

	<b>Page</b>
A Christmas Song .....	7
Our Old Soldier .....	8
In Defense of a Picture .....	9
The Woman in the Moon .....	10
" A Trusted Man " .....	13
" Ye Tall Clouds of Summer " .....	14
At Harvard Commencement .....	15
Strength and Beauty .....	16
To the Captain .....	17
The Wives of Brighton .....	18
Song of the Bethlehem Children .....	20
Farewell of Rheims Cathedral .....	22
To a Deacon .....	24
To the Memory of Sylvia .....	25
Song of the Shepherd Girl .....	26
The Iceberg .....	27
" O Saviour of the Sinful " .....	30
" Friend of the Young " .....	31
The Christ of Saint Sophia .....	32
Old Oberlin .....	34
The Song of the Charles .....	35
The Red Rose .....	36
The Burial in Egypt .....	37
Wedding Song .....	38
Hymn — " At last the glorious sight appears " .....	39
To Lake Galilee .....	40
" One Day from Old Nazareth " .....	42
" I Know a Nook " .....	44
Shem-el-howa Hymn .....	46
The Hour of Rest .....	47
A Song of Home .....	48



## A CHRISTMAS SONG

### I

Come, my heart, canst thou not hear it,  
Mid the tumult of thy days?  
Catch the old sweet song of angels,  
Join thy voice to swell their praise!  
Hast thou never shared the blessing,  
Never known kind Heaven's gift?  
Bethlehem thy Saviour cradled!  
Heart of mine, a song uplift.

### II

First to hear were drowsing shepherds,  
Sore afraid that winter's night;  
Soon to Bethlehem they hurried —  
Lo, the song they heard was right!  
Ever since, all they who hear it  
Find a Saviour where they dwell;  
Sing it, heart! Who knows what toilers  
Thou the Christward way shalt tell?

### III

Long ago the angels vanished.  
Oh, their song is sounding still!  
Millions now with hope are singing,  
"Peace on earth, to men good will."  
Sing, my heart! Though peace may tarry,  
Sing good will amid the strife!  
Join the old sweet song whose music  
Will attune to Heav'n thy life.

*Printed in the Messenger for  
Sunday, December 19, 1915, and  
sung in the church service to the  
tune "Nettleton." Published with  
the music in the Boston Herald on  
the following Christmas morning*

## OUR OLD SOLDIER

*To Archibald B. Collier, forty-one years a  
letter-carrier in the Brighton-Allston district,  
on his seventy-fifth birthday, June 9, 1916.*

I know a lean old soldier,  
With a short grim grizzly beard;  
In his eye there is a twinkle  
Like the light in springtime streets;  
He wears his hat so cocked somehow,  
He always seems to scent a row —  
But a friendlier soul than his one never meets.

The townsfolk long have known him;  
Men remember how, when boys,  
They used to see his jaunty figure  
Blithely stepping on his way.  
"I'm as kinky as a wildcat!"  
Said he, bristling up at that,  
When I asked him how he was, the other day.

I guess he must be aging,  
Though his step is like a boy's;  
For his nimble feet went marching  
In the sixties dim and far —  
Marched with grand Abe Lincoln's men!  
How that host has thinned since then!  
Do you wonder that he loves the G. A. R.?

I think their war's old music,  
Aye, the thrill of that great cause,  
Keeps his youth e'en now atingle  
After fifty years and more;  
That's why he's so bristling yet —  
Carrying mail, he can't forget  
How for Uncle Sam he once a rifle bore!

We love this gray old soldier —  
Love the twinkle in his eye;  
'Tis the gleam of noble mem'ries,  
Patriot joy that cannot die.  
Christ who once for mortals bled,  
Welcome Thou his old gray head  
When he soldierlike salutes the Throne on High!

*Published in the Brighton-  
Allston Item, June 17, 1916*

### **IN DEFENSE OF A PICTURE**

*Sent with a long-promised photograph  
to Mr. and Mrs. Frank E. Cleary  
on their Twenty-fifth Wedding  
Anniversary, November 19, 1915.*

The frame is not silver as things should be  
To match your Twenty-fifth Wedding Day;  
The picture — he may be mostly brass,  
At least that's what some people say;  
But the heart of the man, if you only knew,  
Is lined with the gold of love for you.

## **THE WOMAN IN THE MOON**

I remember how in childhood,  
When the evening shadows fell  
And we chased the spectral fireflies  
Through the dark yard round our well —  
Ere we went indoors to slumber,  
Ere we said our bedtime prayers  
With our mother bending o'er us  
In the slant-roofed room upstairs —  
We children used to stand together,  
(A prank of faith that vanished soon!)  
Stand and shout our prayers, like pagans,  
To the great Man in the Moon.  
We thought his beaming countenance  
Seemed very pleased with what we said,  
Nor doubted we had talked with God  
As we climbed the stairs to bed.

But the years brought many changes,  
Till an epoch-making day  
When that big benign Face faded  
From the summer Moon away.  
Book lore did it, I remember,  
As book lore is wont to do —  
Giving us new views for old ones  
Till we wonder what is true.  
So we ceased to see God's image,  
And with glee were shouting soon:  
"In the upper right-hand corner —  
See the Cow jump o'er the Moon!"  
Oh, the world seemed very jolly  
With a circus overhead;  
And we boys were loath to leave it  
As we climbed the stairs to bed.

"Presto! Change!" the years keep saying,  
E'en as traveling jugglers do;  
Changes come, but how we know not,  
Though we watch with all in view . . .  
Strange, that manhood's eyes discover  
What we ne'er discerned as boys —  
We who spied a rabbit's ear-tips  
Twitching in their hilltop poise!  
Can this be the same world round us?  
Where are sights we used to see?  
Whence are all these graver visions?  
Dear old earth, what aileth thee?  
Thus I muse, the heart of manhood  
Glowing full-orb'd in my breast,  
Like the summer Moon that charms me  
Ere I lay me down to rest.  
Lingering still beside the window,  
All my being kindles soon,  
For I see — can I be dreaming? —  
See a Woman in the Moon!  
No, she is not looking toward me —  
I may watch her sweet-poised head!  
For no more a mother calls me;  
Now, alone I seek my bed.

Ah, how clear, how clear her image!  
Why so long unseen by me?  
Can it be that eyes are holden  
Till the heart awakes to see?  
Nestling low, mid light and shadow —  
There's the curve of throat and breast!  
Chin and mouth and nose and forehead  
In the Moon's mid-brightness rest;  
Cheek and ear, and hair loose-knotted —  
Thus the wistful head is seen,  
Pillowed as a girl's head nestles  
On one's heart-side breast — I ween.



Mother of my boyhood prayer-time,  
Strange, sweet fancies fill my head!  
Could your feet now climb my stairway  
Would you still say, " Son — to bed " ?

\* \* \*

Heart, you throb! — Why should I chide you?  
There shines life's high mystery . . .  
Boys discern what suits their play-days —  
What men need betimes they see!  
Are not eyes but open windows  
Through which growing natures gaze?  
So once more you'll see God's face  
When we end our earthly days.

## **"A TRUSTED MAN"**

*To Captain Andrew J. Savage, Inspector of the Port of Boston since 1873, on his 75th Birthday, February 2, 1909.*

A trusted man because your heart is true!  
This is the tribute that belongs to you.  
Your face, your voice, the sign of manhood bear;  
E'en where your name is, confidence is there.

\* \* \*

Once — it was midnight on the storming main!  
How rolled the ship, deep-groaning as in pain!  
Decks all awash, the battling engines toiled  
While round us depths of ocean foamed and boiled.  
Then I, to quell the fears that seized my soul,  
Down to the steadfast, dauntless engines stole.  
Oh, bravely their bare arms defied the storm  
And onward drove the vessel's shuddering form!  
But well I knew what fierce, consuming fires  
Maintained their courage and their grim desires.  
"What if their bolted breasts should burst!" I said;  
Their giant striving filled my heart with dread.  
Then, fixed upon the reeling wall, I saw  
Th' inspector's warrant of my country's law;  
And gazing by a dim light's quivering flame  
I read and read again thereon — your name!  
Afraid no more, back to my berth I crept;  
While engines battled, I lay down and slept.

\* \* \*

A trusted man because your heart is true!  
This is the tribute that belongs to you.

*Published in  
The Brighton-  
Allston Item*

### **"YE TALL CLOUDS OF SUMMER"**

Ye tall clouds of summer that rise in the distance  
Like snow-covered mountains of measureless height,  
Ye seem to me often to tower into heaven  
And stand with your brows in its rapturous light.

How oft have I gazed on your peace-covered summits,  
No longer of earth hues but gleaming in white,  
And fancied that angels were waiting upon them  
Where I might behold if I had but the sight!

How oft, in the days when through the tall grasses  
My bare feet roamed off to the mulberry trees  
And the creek and the swimming hole found by the foot-  
path,  
The stream caught their singing — their wings woke the  
breeze!

Dear fancy of boyhood! A man I still hold it,  
To keep through the years this dream of my soul:  
Heav'n's joys are in view, if our dim eyes could see them —  
Could see to the top of earth's clouds as they roll.

## AT HARVARD COMMENCEMENT

*The Marquis of Aberdeen, John Campbell Gordon, received many honors after his beneficent service as Governor-General of Canada, what he and Lady Aberdeen have long done for Ireland adding much to the enthusiasm manifested. When Harvard conferred its degree of Doctor of Laws, the Marquis stood in the brilliant academic gown of his own land while an impressive ovation was given by the students in the galleries, President Eliot pausing in silence.*

Aberdeen, Aberdeen, standing there in bright scarlet,  
Bowling while Harvard's calm president waits,  
Ken ye yon shouting applause is more honor  
Than Harvard can give when the shouting abates?

Fine, my Lord, fine it must be to have titles!  
I would not mind one or two for poor me —  
The folk of my kirk o'er the river might like 'em,  
The same as an empire likes yours o'er the sea.

But you know and I know there's naught in such laurels  
Like the joy of plain folk in the good that we do;  
My Lord, hear the shouts of those lads by yon railing!  
They know what you've done — they are welcoming you!

Aye, bow your fine head to 'em — John Campbell Gordon!  
Ken ye how one of your own poets said,  
"A man is a man for a' that and a' that," sir?  
Marquis of Aberdeen, bow your fine head!

The love of plain men is the guerdon a man wants.  
Round the world you have got it, my Lord, as you see!  
I'll go back to the folk of my kirk o'er the river,  
Content if they'll only grant that to plain me.

## **STRENGTH AND BEAUTY**

O Jesus, when I think of thee  
My spirit, baffled in its strife,  
Awakes to nobler power and feels  
The charm of thy majestic life.

Thy calm amid those erring men  
With whom thy work on earth was done —  
Shall I, an erring man, complain  
Where thou wast calm, O faultless One!

Thy courage and thy hope that dared  
To teach men fellowship and peace;  
To rule their warring wills with love,  
To give their fettered minds release!

And thou wast tender! woman's love,  
Her gracious thought and touch hadst thou;  
Still manhood's sterling poise and power  
Were always thine! We want them now!

The busy world needs gentle hands  
To ease the jostle of the street,  
And tender voices that can reach  
The close-shut hearts where care-waves beat.

Lord, these were thine; yet day by day  
Thy manhood was as firm as oak;  
No cant of word or tone or look,  
But manhood which to manhood spoke.

We want, we crave, O Prince of Peace,  
The tender grace of thy fair life;  
But days like these need men like thee  
To bear such beauty in such strife.

## TO THE CAPTAIN

*Sung to the music of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" at a "Father and Sons" banquet of the parish, on the evening of March 6, 1912. Colonel Roosevelt had just then given great vogue to the saying utilized in this song.*

I have heard a good old saying of the ways of men who dare,  
Standing forth amid their comrades, in some match of strength to share;  
And that valiant word repeating, I for one do now declare—  
"My-hat-is-in-the-ring."

Chorus — Glory, Glory, Halleluiah.

Hosts of men and boys now say it on a hundred fields today —  
Fields of duty and ambition, fields of work and fields of play;  
I will take my place among them, and with cheerful courage say —  
"My-hat-is-in-the-ring."

I will not stand off beholding when the wrong defies the right;  
When the brave and true give battle I will not keep out of sight;  
This shall be my ready answer as I go to join the fight —  
"My-hat-is-in-the-ring."

When the Captain's call is "Fall in," soon the soldier answers "Here!"  
When his "Forward March" is sounding, only traitors halt in fear!  
Jesus, Captain of salvation, I now say with manly cheer—  
"I-follow-Saviour-King"!

*Printed in The Messenger for Sunday,  
March 10, 1912*

## **THE WIVES OF BRIGHTON**

*On May Day evening in 1913 the parish was in one of its merriest moods. A company of its men was giving a "Women's Convention and Concert." Gowned for the occasion, even mustaches suddenly disappearing in their zeal, the men sang as they seldom were known to do in church services. Among many songs they sang the following, to the tune of "Reuben, I have just been thinking." The absence of well known parish names from these verses may be sufficiently accounted for by the fact that their owners were doing the singing.*

Listen, girls, I've just been thinking  
What a jolly time there'd be,  
If some day the wives of Brighton  
Vanished like the birds — ah me!

Sally, you'd want Henry Thompson  
With his kinky hair and face;  
But I'd strike for dear Will Elliott —  
Whiskers veil his rosy grace.

Rachel, you'd just suit Frank Newhall,  
You're so like his Abbie — see?  
But I'd suit young Gorham Harris  
If his handsome wife should flee.

Doctor Rice would cure my heartache,  
Captain Hall my eyes arrest,  
But, oh girls, to feed my hunger,  
George F. Bunker is the best.

Edward Hutchinson is boist'rous,  
Harry Fabyan loves to tease,  
John E. Denham's smile is baffling —  
Give me Freelon Morris, please.

There's Frank Cleary and Frank Sargent,  
There's Frank Perkins and the rest;  
Frankly I would choose Frank Thompson,  
But with any Frank — how blest!

Edgar Keene would smile and win me,  
Edgar Smith would cheer my gloom,  
F. A. W. Wood would glad me  
If his May would just make room.

Lucian Bates would want an angel,  
He's had one so long, you know;  
George E. Brock, schoolma'ams might claim him—  
Give me William H. Monroe.

If our gentle pastorina  
Like the birds away should fly,  
Wonder how I'd suit the — the parsonage?  
How you'd laugh to see me try!

(All)

Oh, ye wives of good old Brighton,  
If you only would depart!  
See what willing, sweet successors  
Wait to charm each husband's heart.



## SONG OF THE BETHLEHEM CHILDREN

*"How the Bethlehem children would listen when their fathers told at home of the babe they had seen in the manger in the cave! There is a little song of what they would say—a song which Christina has often sung for me when we have looked upon this sign in Christmas fires. Sing it for us tonight, my daughter; let your father hear once more the song you learned when—when you were a little child." Then the girl, still kneeling in the red glow, sang in a voice gentle as a child's at prayer this "Song of the Shepherd Children."*

### I

Know you the hillside?

Know you where the cave is?

Heard you there a baby voice where cattle lowed before?

Oh, may we children go?

Soft shall be our footsteps—

Softly will we sing to him, kneeling at the door:

"Kyrie!\* Kyrie! Dear little stranger!

Dark is the cave and rough is the manger—

Well do the children of shepherds know.

Is a soft arm around you pressed?

Are you held close to a warm, sweet breast?

How gently you slumber with naught to molest!

Oh, well do we children know—we know!"

---

\* The Greek word for Lord.

## II

Heard you an angel?  
Heard you voices singing?  
Saw you light upon the hill around the frightened sheep?  
Oh, truly did they say,  
Christ — and Lord — and Saviour?  
This shall be our song to him while he lies asleep:

“Kyrie! Kyrie! Angels may name you  
Saviour of all, yet still may we claim you —  
Well do we Bethlehem children know.  
Over yon hill the great city lies,  
Kingdoms are far away under the skies;  
Your manger will some day be dear in their eyes!  
For you are a King — we know! we know!”

*From "The Signs in  
the Christmas Fire,"  
published in 1907*

## FAREWELL OF RHEIMS CATHEDRAL

*"She called him Ichabod, the glory  
is departed; because the ark of  
God was taken."—The Bible.*

Once more September hills around me shone,  
The vineclad hills and vales of sunny France.  
How many autumns, standing high and lone,  
Have I from thence to heaven's bounteous throne  
With gladness wooed the toiling peasant's glance!

Within my angel-haunted walls I kept  
Full many a treasure garnered for the soul;  
What wealth of beauteous dreams did they who wept  
For joy when I was young, then near me slept,  
In me leave pictured while the ages roll!

How many feet my aisles weary trod,  
How many prayers my vaulted silence wing'd!  
How oft the sinful heard, "Forgiven of God,"  
The troubled found their shepherd's staff and rod!  
What marvel that in me the land was king'd?

My altars heard, my sky-drawn towers gazed,  
While warring hosts around me raged of old;  
And twice within a hundred years how blazed  
The mighty German guns! But none ere raised  
A shot against my heaven-guarded fold.

My windows, filled with soft celestial lights,  
My altars, hid from earth's delusive glare,  
The angels in my world-forsaking heights,  
My praiseful organ — aye, the Saviour's rites! —  
Stood safe, all safe, within the house of prayer.

But yester eve — 'twas near the golden hour!  
How oft through that west window heav'n had smiled!  
The vesper bell was waking in its tower! —  
Without, I saw the clouds of battle lower;  
Within, the torn — on straw in mercy piled!

Oh, then — but, No; I will not tell the tale!  
God saw the shrieking shells come crashing through!  
The heedless world at this shall wake and quail —  
Then speak. To be like Christ let me not fail!  
“Father, forgive; they know not what they do.”

Farewell, sweet world! Farewell, dear sons of men!  
Long, long I sought to make you sons of God!  
You yet shall prize the house of prayer again —  
Yet learn the blessed Jesu's way — and then  
Against war's horror cry out: “Ichabod!”

*Published in the Boston  
Herald, Friday, September  
25, 1914, after the bombard-  
ment of Rheims Cathedral*

## TO A DEACON

*On the retirement of Elmer E.  
Monroe from the Board of  
Deacons after long care of the  
church clocks, organ, and pianos.*

His hands for years have wound and set  
The clocks within these holy walls;  
Amid their week-day hush he yet  
The hours of praise and prayer recalls.

Aloft from yonder olden tower  
Time's voice he sends o'er home and street;  
The townsfolk hear the winging hour  
Call, call to them in cadence sweet.

Through light and dark, through calm and storm,  
Men's years are told with solemn bell;  
E'en so the word hath sound and form  
Which God's dear church to men would tell.

When, wearied with our loss or gain,  
We hither come amid our days,  
His hands with patient care sustain  
Our faulty instruments of praise.

His voice is never raised in speech;  
Unheard by us his prayers arise;  
The savours of his altar reach  
Like silent incense to the skies.

Ah, quiet servant of our God,  
Your brethren pay you tribute now  
Who long with you these aisles have trod  
And still with you in worship bow;

But when these happy years shall cease —  
How swift our years together run! —  
We all shall hear in Heaven's peace  
The Master say to you, "Well done."

*Printed in The  
Church Messenger,  
January, 1911*

### **TO THE MEMORY OF SYLVIA**

I recall that June-time Sabbath,  
How the sky was wondrous blue  
When, the village service over,  
I rode home from church with you;  
Yon street was cloudless in the sun —  
And I was nearing twenty-one.

Now again a sunlit Sabbath  
Glows on church and man's abode;  
You are sleeping in the churchyard —  
Yonder winds the homeward road;  
And still the sky is wondrous blue —  
Twice twenty-one is forty-two!

What blessing came I little knew  
When I rode home, dear heart, with you.

*From "Saint Abigail of the Pines,"  
published in 1905*

## **SONG OF THE SHEPHERD GIRL**

Blue skies shine o'er every hill,  
Over each valley and plain and stream;  
E'en when the night comes, dark and still,  
Stars burn on while the weary dream.  
Over our pathways high or low  
God's love shines wherever we go;  
Ever — ever!  
Love shines on forever.

High on the hill or deep in the vale,  
Far o'er the plain where the sheep must go,  
There, with a love that will not fail,  
There is the shepherd his love to show.  
Jesu, a Shepherd art thou at our side —  
Helper, defender, consoler, and guide.  
Ever — ever!  
Love keeps watch forever.

Sweet is the voice of this Shepherd of men!  
"Lo, I am with you!" we hear him call;  
Trusting his sheep he calls again,  
"Follow, the faithful will help save all!"  
Jesu, I will follow thee;  
Thou hast done great things for me.  
Ever — ever!  
Love shall help thee ever.

*From "The Shepherd of Jebel-Nur,"  
published in 1909*

## **THE ICEBERG**

*Read in the morning sermon on  
Sunday, April 21, 1912, following the  
sinking of the "Titanic," April 14.*

I drift, I glide, I take mine ease!  
Sing to me, sing, ye serving seas!  
Hath puny man subdued your might?  
Swing me, and sing, while dies the light!

Sired in the womb of the North's old age,  
Torn from the breast by the Storm-King's rage,  
Son of a realm forgot come I —  
Was that spray or tears from on high?

Oh, I have heard of man's warm world —  
Dreamed, while the Storm-King fury hurled,  
Of mating, mothering, home's sweet joy,  
Of the kingdom of minds and the soul's employ.

Dear to the Love that reigns are these —  
Sing to me, sing, ye whining seas! —  
But pride of life and lust of the eye  
The laws of the life of the world defy.

Better that some should die than all —  
Methinks I heard man's siren call! —  
Better is grieving love than hate!  
Wraith of a realm forgot, I wait.

Watch me, stars, through the timely dark;  
Winds, hover near, breathe low — and hark;  
Wrap me, mist, when I seem to sleep;  
Then, swing me, and sing, ye waves of the deep.



What! Shall pigmy man defy  
Land and sea, yea, air — and sky?  
Shall he no more in sacred awe  
Hold God, nor faith, nor love, nor law?

Loud through the dark again he bellows!  
Speeds he, warning away his fellows?  
I come from a realm where love is not  
To warn love's world lest law be forgot.

I drift, I glide, I take mine ease!  
Ha! 'neath the flood I draw my knees;  
'Tis well! — Why smite so small a thing?  
Swing me, ye moaning seas, and sing!

A gleaming palace afloat! — Ah me!  
“Titanic”! — Enough that I stretch one knee!  
God grieves, I know, and a world will weep —  
Ho! Hushed is the song of the quailing deep.

\* \* \*

The dark is gone. The vast seas shine.  
I drift in the gleam of a world divine.  
What ails me? Why should the day's bright grace  
Start streams like tears on my furrowed face?

Sun, as I took mine ease last night,  
I saw in the dark a wondrous sight;  
Poor man — he did but touch my knee,  
Then — Oh, what a noble thing is he!

“Be British, my men!” I heard one call.  
In the glare I saw their faces all —  
The strongest helping the young, the weak —  
The rich forgetting self-weal to seek —

Love leaned on love while the ocean roared!  
I heard — it was there in the light on board —  
Sweet music rise that seemed to me  
Rhythmic with "Nearer, My God, to Thee."

A mystic clicking sped through the dark.  
"What is that?" I said, as I strove to hark.  
"A wonderful thing is man!" quoth I,  
"He calls to the world, and to God on high."

At dawn, I saw that men had heard —  
A ship had come like a winging bird!  
I would that I knew what men will do  
In the days that soon shall be lit by you!

I would that I, too, O Sun, might see  
How deeper than man's shall God's help be!  
For, deeper than human pity is,  
Flow the mercies that evermore are His.

But, No! My face is streaming brine;  
To see love's world shall ne'er be mine!  
I drift, I vanish, ill at ease,  
A dying wraith in Earth's warm seas.

*Published in the Boston Herald, Monday,  
April 22, 1912*

**"O SAVIOUR OF THE SINFUL"**

O Saviour of the sinful,  
Help me to be like Thee!  
That I may rescue others  
From sin I must be free;  
That I may save my brothers,  
Lord Jesus, save Thou me!

Wise Saviour of the sinful,  
Teach me thy wondrous skill;  
With zeal to save the dying  
I lack for wisdom still;  
I hear the needy crying —  
Show me Thy gracious will.

Strong Saviour of the sinful,  
Help me like Thee to bear  
The trial of long endeavor,  
The strain of longing care.  
O Thou who failest never,  
For strength hear Thou my prayer.

Great Saviour of the sinful,  
I take Thy yoke on me  
To learn thy way in saving  
By working close to Thee;  
Oh, grant my soul's deep craving —  
Teach me like Thee to be

## **"FRIEND OF THE YOUNG"**

*Sung in the Young People's Meeting on Sunday evening, October 24, 1915, as a surprise to a former member of the Young People's Society who had come to lead this meeting by request. Tune, "Never be sad or desponding."*

Friend of the young ever faithful,  
Teacher and guide ever true,  
Deacon in God's holy temple,  
Greetings we sing now to you.

Chorus — Lu-cian E. Bates! Lu-cian E. Bates!  
Friend of the young never tiring,  
Faithful and patient and kind!  
Servant of Christ! Servant of Christ!  
We too will honor the Master  
Whom you have helped us to find.

Once you were young here as we are;  
How long ago we can't say;  
Ask the big tree which you planted  
There by the parsonage one day. — Chorus.

Ever since then you've been growing,  
Faithful and strong like that tree,  
Always a friend to the youthful;  
Therefore this tribute sing we! — Chorus.

*Printed in the Church Messenger, October 31, 1915*

## **THE CHRIST OF ST. SOPHIA**

*Written during the  
bombardment of  
the Dardanelles*

There's a Mosque in old Stamboul,  
(Hark you! — down the Dardanelles!)  
Aye, a Mosque, forsooth, beside the Golden Horn;  
While their Christian warships boom —  
While they thunder, "Room! make room!"  
How she lifts her old gray head, all else forlorn!

Should they clear the Narrows, (Hark!)  
O'er the Marmora sea they'll sight —  
'Mid the Turkish skyline sight it towering high;  
Round it rise four minarets!  
Think you that old dome forgets  
It was raised with Christian prayers against that sky?

Tales they tell of this old Mosque,  
(Listen! — down the Straits, I mean!)  
Built, they say, the Lord knows when, to purge a crime;  
Far-found pillars round her wait;  
Gold once made her heav'n's own mate;  
One old shaft, they say, drips sweat from time to time;

Sweat that heals, the Moslems say!  
(How they're roaring yonder now!)  
Grief for sin once broke of yore in bloody sweat!  
Seized and bound — aye, thieves between —  
Hell on earth this Mosque has seen;  
Calvary, raised in old Stamboul, she suffers yet.

Christian through a thousand years,  
(Oh, their booming nearer rolls!)  
Christian still, through half a thousand more of woe!  
All the ancient love-lit splendor,  
All the hopes her Christ could lend her,  
Still in St. Sophia's heart awake and glow.

Tell the tale how this I know?  
(Peace falls, down the Dardanelles!)  
Night has hushed their furor — stars from heaven shine;  
Hear you, then, this star-bright story —  
St. Sophia's quenchless glory;  
It may stay your fainting soul, the same as mine.

Once, beneath her vast old dome,  
This sweet vision I discerned —  
Dimly, high above her ancient altar-place:  
Hands outstretched in mute beseeching,  
Hands first! — Then, my gaze upreaching,  
Lo, a Face — a great, majestic, yearning Face!

“Ha!” I cried — the mumbling Turks  
Shut these words within my breast,  
“See! Some secret love old St. Sophia cheers!  
High above her holiest place,  
Whose the Hands — and whose that Face?”  
While I mused the vision glistened through my tears.

Oft by Turkish gilding hid,  
Still that presence looms again —  
Hungry Time, for sight of it, the veil devours!  
Set in firm mosaic stone  
Christian homage fixed its own —  
Oh, 'tis St. Sophia's wooing Christ, and ours!

Ours, amid the world's alarms;  
Ours, through all the griefs we bear;  
With us while we suffer, He whom hate would hide!  
First, still first — "Behold my hands";  
Then the Face — lo, there He stands!  
Christ of St. Sophia, with thine own abide!

*Published in The Congregationalist  
and Christian World, April 8, 1913*

### OLD OBERLIN

*Tune, "Neath the Trees of Old Trinity"*

Raise a song round our old Oberlin!  
While the years crown our dear old Oberlin,  
You who now throng her door  
Swell the praise sung of yore,  
'Neath the trees of our old Oberlin.

Long ago rose our old Oberlin —  
'Mid the lone forest stood brave Oberlin!  
And her heart was so wide  
None who came were denied,  
'Neath the trees of our old Oberlin.

We have walked by thy side, Oberlin,  
Till our hearts burned within us, Oberlin —  
Till our dim eyes could see,  
And the truth made us free,  
'Neath the trees of our old Oberlin.

Through thy trees shine the stars, Oberlin!  
Canst thou count them, our dear old Oberlin?  
So thy children now are —  
Like a host spread afar,  
From the trees of our old Oberlin.

*Sung at Oberlin Alumni  
gatherings on various  
occasions, in Boston first,  
and published in the  
College Song Book*

## THE SONG OF THE CHARLES

*Written on the completion of the great undertaking to do away with the historic ebb-tide flats by maintaining a permanent water level.*

No more with heedless ebb and flow  
Our ancient Charles will seaward go!  
We bid the ocean stand and wait  
Outside our adamant gate,  
While broad and gleaming, night and morn,  
The Charles our city shall adorn;  
And we who dwell beside its shore  
Shall see our river fail no more.

To all who share the common weal  
Now let the shining Charles appeal:  
"My broadened stream a call shall sound  
Till fuller life for you is found!  
Shut out the surge — in brotherhood  
All streams shall swell the common good!  
While ye who dwell beside my shore  
Shall see your river fail no more."

Of old, with zeal of high renown,  
Men lived in this our Boston town;  
We join, amid our greated days  
To swell the song the Charles doth raise —  
To sing through ways of brotherhood  
The anthem of the common good,  
While we who dwell beside its shore  
Shall see our river fail no more.



We join to keep our city great —  
To banish greed and strife and hate,  
To share with toil the gains of wealth,  
To open wide the ways of health,  
To give all children happier life,  
To shelter aged man and wife —  
While we who dwell beside its shore  
Shall see our river fail no more.

*Published in various Boston papers in April, 1909, and sung on several public occasions to the tune, "The Watch on the Rhine"*

### THE RED ROSE

"Roses red and pink and white,  
Why your varied beauty?"  
Ruddy red rose, womanlike,  
Blushed and did her duty —  
Saying: "Pink a maid is,  
White is but a little child,  
And we reds are ladies."

"Ah," I said, "how is it, pray,  
That you all come springing  
From the common soil of earth?"  
Red rose answered, singing:  
"All for loving made is —  
Roses white and pink and red,  
Babes, fair maids, and ladies."

"Why," I cried, the full red rose  
To my breast enclosing,  
"Why should all this be, my dear?"  
— On my heart reposing,  
Sighed she: "God afraid is  
Lest you men forget to love  
His best gift — your ladies!"

## THE BURIAL IN EGYPT

*Written in the harbor of Alexandria, February,  
1910, on the death of a fellow-traveler, the  
Rev. John Clough Tebbets, Rector of  
St. John's Church, North Adams, Mass.*

A man of God sleeps on thy shore,  
Thou Motherland whose flowing river  
Hath made thee from of old the giver  
Of rest to pilgrims travel-sore.

Wilt thou not guard him? Deserts heap  
Their sands anear, but cannot lure thee;  
From death thy faithful streams secure thee!  
Wilt thou not guard his pilgrim sleep?

Oh, beauteous are thy pluméd palms,  
And wondrous fair thy great green valley!  
The powers of Life within thee rally  
And lie entrenched in holy calms.

Against yon endless siege of sand  
Thy mighty dead of old are hid  
In many a towering pyramid —  
Like forts against thy foe they stand.

Life's emblems mark thine ancient tombs;  
Thy temples teemed with lotus flowers;  
When man was young a hope like ours  
Was writ in stone where Egypt blooms.

A priest of Life was he, our dead!  
Amid earth's waste there is a river  
The streams whereof from death deliver;  
Its life, more sweet than thine, he spread.

O Egypt, he whom now we bring —  
Tall herald fall'n before your portal —  
Proclaimed the Lord of Life immortal!  
Guard him, and greet his coming King.

*Published in the New  
York Observer, Sep-  
tember 29, 1910*

### **WEDDING SONG**

*After a lyric by Teschemacher suited  
to a setting other than marriage.*

All joy be yours, this day of heart's delight!  
Your paths now join in one — the skies are bright;  
May life's fair flowers, by heavenly dew impearled,  
Abound along your pathway through the world!

Bright hope be yours to beautify the day  
If shadows fall upon your shining way;  
And may you bravely face the journey long,  
Heav'n's peace within, upon your lips a song!

True love be yours, this day of heart's delight!  
God's love will guide your trustful steps aright,  
And keep you safe, your holy Guardian blest,  
And bring you home at last with joy to rest.

*Written for a wedding in the  
church, Saturday afternoon,  
September 18, 1915, and  
sung by Mr. Louis Schalk.  
Published in The Congre-  
gationalist and Christian  
World, September 30, 1915*

**HYMN—"AT LAST THE GLORIOUS SIGHT  
APPEARS"**

*Tune, "Carol"*

At last the glorious sight appears!  
Look forth, dear Church, and see!  
For now the travail of the years  
A triumph brings to thee;  
Behold, thy beauteous banners gleam  
At last in every land;  
This was the olden prophet's dream,  
This was thy Lord's command.

A lowly train, a little band  
The wondrous mandate heard,  
When Jesus said, serene and grand,  
"Go, give the world my word."  
They strove; they died! But not in vain!  
We triumph still through loss;  
The Church bears on while ages wane  
Her Master's conquering Cross.

While now Time's turmoil breaks in surge,  
Like beacons o'er the wave  
Our stations gleam — to earth's lone verge  
The Church keeps watch to save;  
While tidings sweep o'er land and sea  
Of tumult, strife and wrong,  
Lord, round Thy troubled world to Thee  
Faith wafts our prayer and song.

Oh, we have been so slow of heart!  
Yet Thou wilt deign to share  
The joy of triumph won in part,  
And hear this solemn prayer:  
Go Thou with all who go for Thee!  
Make Thy dear presence known,  
Till we full triumph gain and see  
Our Christ ascend earth's throne!

## **TO LAKE GALILEE**

I hear you, bright waters, your murmur I hear!  
I know why you ripple and leap at my feet —  
I, too, know the story you fain would repeat;  
But tell it again to my listening ear.

'Tis evening once more on your quiet, green hills.  
Were they tinted like this in that even of yore?  
Did you press then as now on your pebble-white shore  
To see in the sunset the folk with their ills?

And did you see Him — see the touch of His hand?  
Hear the moans as they changed into cries of quick joy?  
You thrill, and to speak all your powers employ —  
That wavelet enfolded my feet on the sand.

At morn, unto fishers not far from your strand,  
In remembrance of Him I sounded the cry,  
“Have ye caught any fish?” And I heard them reply;  
I beckoned, and straightway they rowed for the land.

I gathered some sticks and built me a fire;  
There rose from the beach its wreath of white smoke;  
Then I thought of the fish, and the bread that He broke,  
Till my heart was aflame with a holy desire.

“Naught to eat — naught to eat!” Like the fishers de-  
pressed,  
I turned! There were passing two men of the land;  
And one bore a string of small fish in his hand,  
The other round barley-bread cakes at his breast!

**"How oft He was known in the breaking of bread!"  
I mused, while the fire burned bright on the sand;  
"How oft when their spirits could ne'er understand  
His kindness disclosed what in vain He had said!"**

**I know that you heard Him say, "Lovest thou me?"  
To one who stood here in that morning of yore;  
But a sinful man heard it today on your shore!  
Did you hear what he answered Him, beautiful Sea?**

**The sun no more watches. Gennesaret's lea,  
The hills, e'en the winds, in the dark are asleep.  
No spot is so dear my avowal to keep —  
Thou knowest I love Him who loved Galilee!**

*From "No Room in the  
Inn," published in 1910.  
The incident of the fire  
lighted on the beach is  
true to fact in all details*

**SONG — "ONE DAY FROM OLD NAZARETH"**

One day from old Nazareth,  
Down the Nazareth hill,  
Came a young man calmly —  
Face benign and still.  
Carpenter, men called him;  
But his tranquil brow  
Sheltered thoughts that onward  
Light the nation's now.

Refrain — One day from old Nazareth,  
Down the Nazareth hill,  
Came a young man calmly —  
Face benign and still.

Southward toward the Jordan —  
God's calm skies looked on;  
Palestine woke mem'ries  
Of God's heroes gone.  
"Lamb of God," John called him  
By old Jordan's stream;  
But a wondrous peasant  
Did the young man seem.

Refrain — One day from old Nazareth,  
Down the Nazareth hill,  
Came this wondrous peasant —  
Face benign and still.

Long with joy have men known  
He came down that hill,  
Ready to do fully  
God's most holy will.  
Oh, at last he struggled  
Up the Calvary slope,  
All the world to illumine  
With a quenchless hope!

Refrain — So one day from Nazareth,  
Down the Nazareth hill,  
Came God's great Messiah —  
Face benign and still.

*Written in the autumn of  
1903 for a group of young  
men singers, and sung in  
a Sunday evening service*



Ours, amid the world's alarms;  
Ours, through all the griefs we bear;  
With us while we suffer, He whom hate would hide!  
First, still first — "Behold my hands";  
Then the Face — lo, there He stands!  
Christ of St. Sophia, with thine own abide!

*Published in The Congregationalist  
and Christian World, April 8, 1913*

### **OLD OBERLIN**

*Tune, "'Neath the Trees of Old Trinity"*

Raise a song round our old Oberlin!  
While the years crown our dear old Oberlin,  
You who now throng her door  
Swell the praise sung of yore,  
'Neath the trees of our old Oberlin.

Long ago rose our old Oberlin —  
'Mid the lone forest stood brave Oberlin!  
And her heart was so wide  
None who came were denied,  
'Neath the trees of our old Oberlin.

We have walked by thy side, Oberlin,  
Till our hearts burned within us, Oberlin —  
Till our dim eyes could see,  
And the truth made us free,  
'Neath the trees of our old Oberlin.

Through thy trees shine the stars, Oberlin!  
Canst thou count them, our dear old Oberlin?  
So thy children now are —  
Like a host spread afar,  
From the trees of our old Oberlin.

*Sung at Oberlin Alumni  
gatherings on various  
occasions, in Boston first,  
and published in the  
College Song Book*

## THE SONG OF THE CHARLES

*Written on the completion of the great undertaking to do away with the historic ebb-tide flats by maintaining a permanent water level.*

No more with heedless ebb and flow  
Our ancient Charles will seaward go!  
We bid the ocean stand and wait  
Outside our adamant gate,  
While broad and gleaming, night and morn,  
The Charles our city shall adorn;  
And we who dwell beside its shore  
Shall see our river fail no more.

To all who share the common weal  
Now let the shining Charles appeal:  
"My broadened stream a call shall sound  
Till fuller life for you is found!  
Shut out the surge — in brotherhood  
All streams shall swell the common good!  
While ye who dwell beside my shore  
Shall see your river fail no more."

Of old, with zeal of high renown,  
Men lived in this our Boston town;  
We join, amid our greatened days  
To sing the song the Charles doth raise —  
To sing through ways of brotherhood  
The anthem of the common good,  
While we who dwell beside its shore  
Shall see our river fail no more.

We join to keep our city great —  
To banish greed and strife and hate,  
To share with toil the gains of wealth,  
To open wide the ways of health,  
To give all children happier life,  
To shelter aged man and wife —  
While we who dwell beside its shore  
Shall see our river fail no more.

*Published in various Boston papers in April, 1909, and sung on several public occasions to the tune, "The Watch on the Rhine"*

### THE RED ROSE

"Roses red and pink and white,  
Why your varied beauty?"  
Ruddy red rose, womanlike,  
Blushed and did her duty —  
Saying: "Pink a maid is,  
White is but a little child,  
And we reds are ladies."

"Ah," I said, "how is it, pray,  
That you all come springing  
From the common soil of earth?"  
Red rose answered, singing:  
"All for loving made is —  
Roses white and pink and red,  
Babes, fair maids, and ladies."

"Why," I cried, the full red rose  
To my breast enclosing,  
"Why should all this be, my dear?"  
— On my heart reposing,  
Sighed she: "God afraid is  
Lest you men forget to love  
His best gift—your ladies!"

## **THE BURIAL IN EGYPT**

*Written in the harbor of Alexandria, February,  
1910, on the death of a fellow-traveler, the  
Rev. John Clough Tebbetts, Rector of  
St. John's Church, North Adams, Mass.*

A man of God sleeps on thy shore,  
Thou Motherland whose flowing river  
Hath made thee from of old the giver  
Of rest to pilgrims travel-sore.

Wilt thou not guard him? Deserts heap  
Their sands anear, but cannot lure thee;  
From death thy faithful streams secure thee!  
Wilt thou not guard his pilgrim sleep?

Oh, beauteous are thy pluméd palms,  
And wondrous fair thy great green valley!  
The powers of Life within thee rally  
And lie entrenched in holy calms.

Against yon endless siege of sand  
Thy mighty dead of old are hid  
In many a towering pyramid —  
Like forts against thy foe they stand.

Life's emblems mark thine ancient tombs;  
Thy temples teemed with lotus flowers;  
When man was young a hope like ours  
Was writ in stone where Egypt blooms.

A priest of Life was he, our dead!  
Amid earth's waste there is a river  
The streams whereof from death deliver;  
Its life, more sweet than thine, he spread.

O Egypt, he whom now we bring —  
Tall herald fall'n before your portal —  
Proclaimed the Lord of Life immortal!  
Guard him, and greet his coming King.

*Published in the New  
York Observer, Sep-  
tember 29, 1910*

### **WEDDING SONG**

*After a lyric by Teschemacher suited  
to a setting other than marriage.*

All joy be yours, this day of heart's delight!  
Your paths now join in one — the skies are bright;  
May life's fair flowers, by heavenly dew impearled,  
Abound along your pathway through the world!

Bright hope be yours to beautify the day  
If shadows fall upon your shining way;  
And may you bravely face the journey long,  
Heav'n's peace within, upon your lips a song!

True love be yours, this day of heart's delight!  
God's love will guide your trustful steps aright,  
And keep you safe, your holy Guardian blest,  
And bring you home at last with joy to rest.

*Written for a wedding in the  
church, Saturday afternoon,  
September 18, 1915, and  
sung by Mr. Louis Schalk.  
Published in The Congre-  
gationalist and Christian  
World, September 30, 1915*

**HYMN—"AT LAST THE GLORIOUS SIGHT  
APPEARS"**

*Tune, "Carol"*

At last the glorious sight appears!  
Look forth, dear Church, and see!  
For now the travail of the years  
A triumph brings to thee;  
Behold, thy beauteous banners gleam  
At last in every land;  
This was the olden prophet's dream,  
This was thy Lord's command.

A lowly train, a little band  
The wondrous mandate heard,  
When Jesus said, serene and grand,  
"Go, give the world my word."  
They strove; they died! But not in vain!  
We triumph still through loss;  
The Church bears on while ages wane  
Her Master's conquering Cross.

While now Time's turmoil breaks in surge,  
Like beacons o'er the wave  
Our stations gleam — to earth's lone verge  
The Church keeps watch to save;  
While tidings sweep o'er land and sea  
Of tumult, strife and wrong,  
Lord, round Thy troubled world to Thee  
Faith wafts our prayer and song.

Oh, we have been so slow of heart!  
Yet Thou wilt deign to share  
The joy of triumph won in part,  
And hear this solemn prayer:  
Go Thou with all who go for Thee!  
Make Thy dear presence known,  
Till we full triumph gain and see  
Our Christ ascend earth's throne!

## **TO LAKE GALILEE**

I hear you, bright waters, your murmur I hear!  
I know why you ripple and leap at my feet —  
I, too, know the story you fain would repeat;  
But tell it again to my listening ear.

'Tis evening once more on your quiet, green hills.  
Were they tinted like this in that even of yore?  
Did you press then as now on your pebble-white shore  
To see in the sunset the folk with their ills?

And did you see Him — see the touch of His hand?  
Hear the moans as they changed into cries of quick joy?  
You thrill, and to speak all your powers employ —  
That wavelet enfolded my feet on the sand.

At morn, unto fishers not far from your strand,  
In remembrance of Him I sounded the cry,  
“Have ye caught any fish?” And I heard them reply;  
I beckoned, and straightway they rowed for the land.

I gathered some sticks and built me a fire;  
There rose from the beach its wreath of white smoke;  
Then I thought of the fish, and the bread that He broke,  
Till my heart was aflame with a holy desire.

“Naught to eat — naught to eat!” Like the fishers de-  
pressed,  
I turned! There were passing two men of the land;  
And one bore a string of small fish in his hand,  
The other round barley-bread cakes at his breast!

"How oft He was known in the breaking of bread!"  
I mused, while the fire burned bright on the sand;  
"How oft when their spirits could ne'er understand  
His kindness disclosed what in vain He had said!"

I know that you heard Him say, "Lovest thou me?"  
To one who stood here in that morning of yore;  
But a sinful man heard it today on your shore!  
Did you hear what he answered Him, beautiful Sea?

The sun no more watches. Gennesaret's lea,  
The hills, e'en the winds, in the dark are asleep.  
No spot is so dear my avowal to keep —  
Thou knowest I love Him who loved Galilee!

*From "No Room in the  
Inn," published in 1910.  
The incident of the fire  
lighted on the beach is  
true to fact in all details*



**SONG—"ONE DAY FROM OLD NAZARETH"**

One day from old Nazareth,  
Down the Nazareth hill,  
Came a young man calmly —  
Face benign and still.  
Carpenter, men called him;  
But his tranquil brow  
Sheltered thoughts that onward  
Light the nation's now.

Refrain — One day from old Nazareth,  
Down the Nazareth hill,  
Came a young man calmly —  
Face benign and still.

Southward toward the Jordan —  
God's calm skies looked on;  
Palestine woke mem'ries  
Of God's heroes gone.  
"Lamb of God," John called him  
By old Jordan's stream;  
But a wondrous peasant  
Did the young man seem.

Refrain — One day from old Nazareth,  
Down the Nazareth hill,  
Came this wondrous peasant —  
Face benign and still.

Long with joy have men known  
He came down that hill,  
Ready to do fully  
God's most holy will.  
Oh, at last he struggled  
Up the Calvary slope,  
All the world to illumine  
With a quenchless hope!

Refrain — So one day from Nazareth,  
Down the Nazareth hill,  
Came God's great Messiah —  
Face benign and still.

*Written in the autumn of  
1903 for a group of young  
men singers, and sung in  
a Sunday evening service*

### **"I KNOW A NOOK"**

I know a nook of hill and dale,  
Safe hid from noise and care and sorrow;  
And there when worldly comforts fail  
The peace of heaven I borrow.

Wherein it hath such wealth of calm  
A stranger's eye would ne'er discover;  
'Tis like the grace a woman hath  
For him who is her lover.

Behind a veteran forest guard  
Its hilltop slopes look down undaunted  
Upon a host of wooing trees  
That throng a vale dream-haunted.

Beyond the vale, benign and tall,  
Rise mountains, gazing to adore it —  
Above the nearer crowding trees  
They bare their heads before it.

Serenely smile its sunny slopes,  
Their mountain lovers satisfying;  
And 'mid the hush of such high tryst  
The trees, abashed, turn sighing!

Kearsarge and Ragged Mountain keep  
With Cardigan their posts of duty;  
While southward, bred to gentler mien,  
The Mink Hills veil their beauty.

So, all day long my beauteous fields  
Look kindly on the suitors round them . . .  
The trees press near, yet seem to know  
The mountain love hath bound them.

Each morn fresh blushes start in flowers;  
The brook sounds winsome, hidden laughter;  
Bees croon, birds warble all the day —  
Still fireflies glimmer after.

Ah, then how sweet my slumber is!  
The chipmunk's roof-run can not wake me,  
Nor e'en the whip-poor-will's long taunt  
Afraid of conscience make me!

Dear God, this way of peace now taught,  
Grant me to keep its secret ever:  
Amid earth's nearer loves let naught  
My heart from Thy love sever.

*Published in The Congregationalist and Christian World, September 14, 1916*

## **SHEM-EL-HOWA HYMN**

*Written one summer mid-  
night at North Sutton, N. H.*

I will praise Thee, God of Light,  
When the day is dawning bright —  
Till amid the hush of Night  
Moon and stars are shining.

Through the fleeting hours between,  
What to Thee, O Heart serene,  
What do all earth's voices mean,  
'Neath Thy quiet heavens?

Tree-top call that woos a mate,  
Cry of heart disconsolate,  
Cradle-song or tumult great,  
E'en my praise, Thou hearest!

*Shem-el-howa is the name of  
a much loved country home  
among New Hampshire hills.  
It means "a breath of the air,"  
and was first heard by the  
walls of Jerusalem when an  
Arab answered an inquiry  
about a group of women and  
children seen under the olive  
trees down in the Kedron valley*

## **THE HOUR OF REST**

Sweet hour of rest! In yonder west  
Sun-pictured scenes have come and gone;  
Tonight they woke my soul, and spoke  
Of a land that waits while days go on.

Fair towers and hills — that vision fills  
These hours of rest with strange delight;  
O cares of earth, these hours give birth  
To hopes that shine like stars tonight.

Now appear, full and clear,  
The neighboring city's thousand lights;  
And from afar breaks many a star,  
Like lamps on heaven's distant heights.

So, I ween, heaven is seen —  
Yon city seems not now more clear!  
Earthly dark must often mark  
The time when views of heaven appear.

Welcome, Night! Though days be bright  
I welcome still thy kind return;  
With heaven in sight I sing tonight,  
While hopes like stars sublimely burn.

## A SONG OF HOME

At eve when the sun on the hills was descending  
I dreamed of all wings that were hastening home,  
Of the kine that in pasturelands homeward were wending,  
And the wayfarers ceasing to roam.

I dreamed of the sails that were nearing a harbor,  
Of streams that were gliding to rest in the deep,  
Of the low-nodding flowers on trellis and arbor,  
And the children then going to sleep.

I dreamed of the trysts that lovers were keeping,  
Of earth's many home-lights matching the stars,  
Of the bliss when the night for the mourning and weeping  
The way into dreamland unbars.

I dreamed of the souls that to heaven were flying!  
Then softly I sang — "My heart, cease to roam;  
E'en the wanderer now, though way-spent and sighing,  
Will soon in his dreams hie him home."

*From "The Well  
by Bethlehem's Gate,"  
published in 1914,  
and "The Picture-  
land of the Heart,"  
published in 1916*









3 2044 038 425 914

